To Sister Mary.

THE DAY OUR MOTHER DIED

Words & Music

By

William R. Hart.

Guitar. 25 Cts.

Philadelphia.

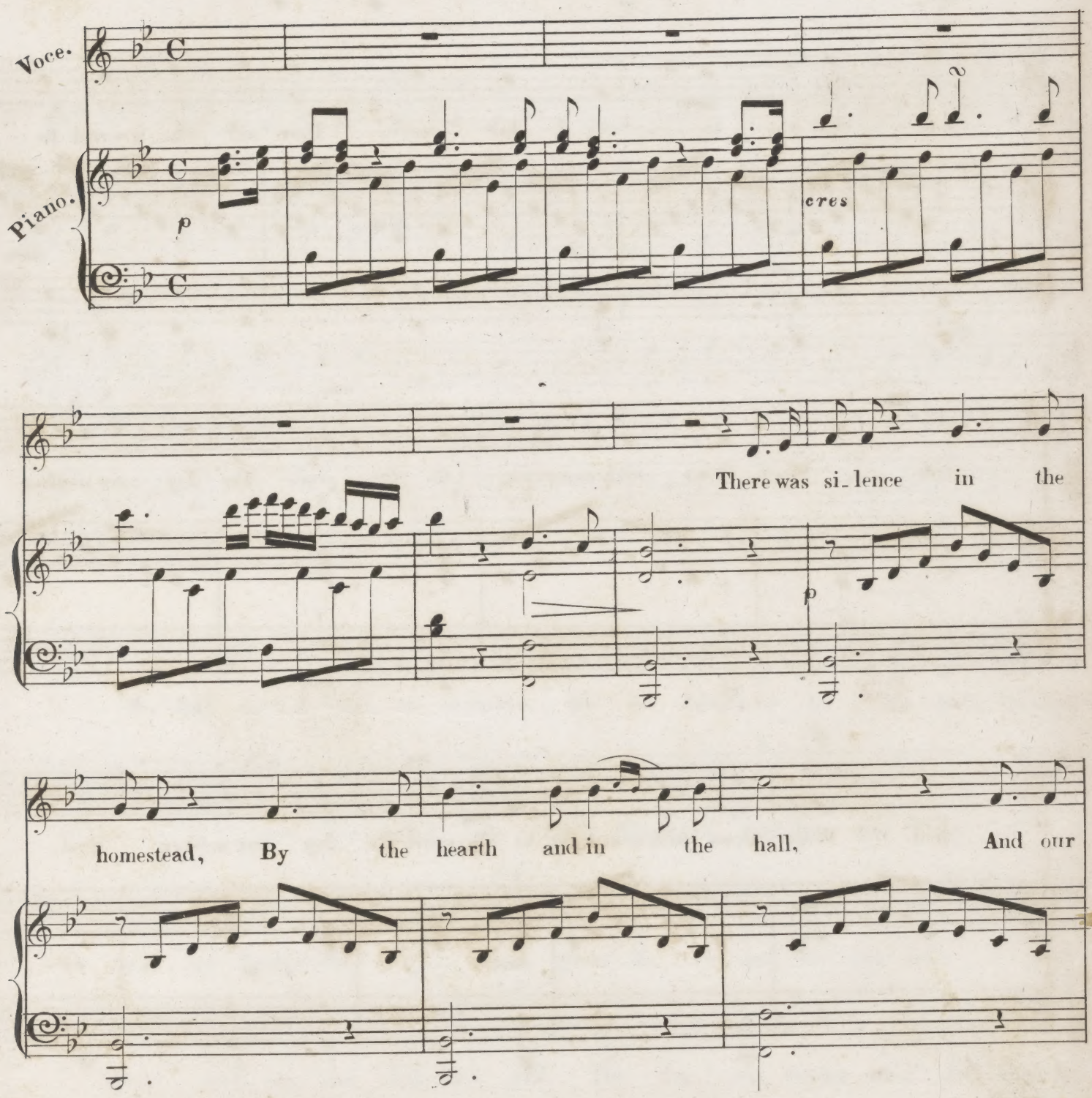
Published by WINNER & SHUSTER 110 N.th 8th St.

D. P. FAULDS, Louisville. CHILDS & HARTEL, Mobile. GEO. WILLIG, Baltimore. DRESSLER & CLAYTON, New York.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1856, by Winner & Shuster, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn'a

R. M. Gaw

THE DAY OUR MOTHER DIED.



sor - row like a win - try cloud Hung dark - ly o - ver all For the

dim *p*

love that was to us far more, Than all the world be -

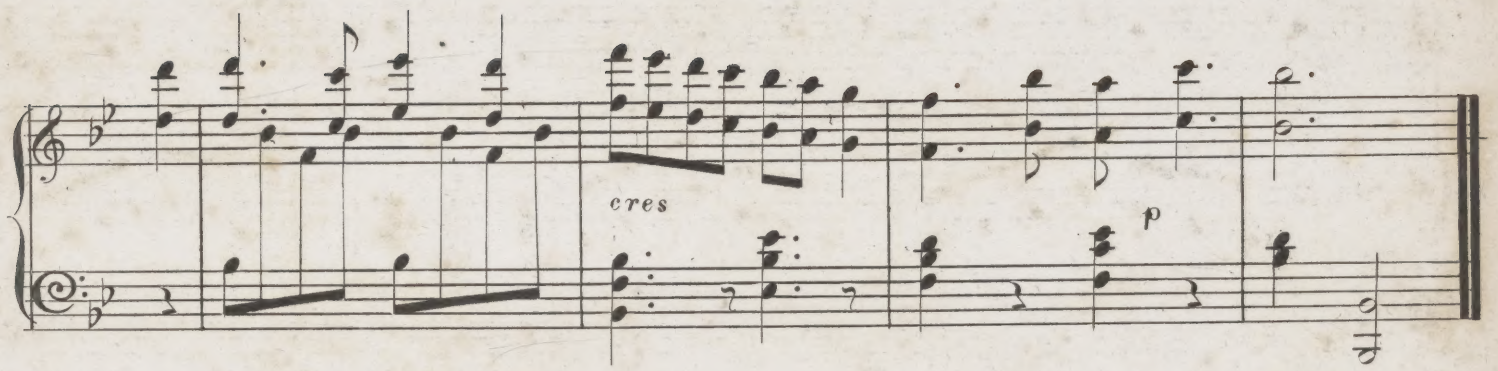
mf *dim*

side Went down with mourning to the grave The day our mother

p

died. Went down with mourning to the grave The day our mother died.

dim *p* *pp*



2nd

We re- membered how she loved us, We re- mem - bered well the tears, And the

prayers that guar-ded all our way, Through ma - ny hap - py years, But

now her er - nest love no more Might seek our steps to guide; And

all our life seemed dark to us, The day our moth-er died. And all &c

3rd

We shall never nev - er meet her, By the hearth or in the hall; We shall

nev - er see her face on earth, Where e'er our lot may fall, But

mem - 'ry brings each gen - tle grace, As ev - er, to our side; And

Hope and sor - row hal - low still, The day our mother died. And Hope &c.